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Nothing we can do for the boys wounded in France will ever pay our obligation to them.

Do all these plebiscites mean a lot of new issues for albums?

Income tax collectors are invited to find out if Dempsey really does divide \$500,000 with Carpenter.

Ex-Kaiser Charles is broke and has asked the Austrian republic for a pension. What's the matter with an elevator job; his old uniforms would come in handy.

When sugar was put back upon the table in a New York restaurant, a riot was started and the police had to be called. Troops of the regular army will bring back the potatoes.

A Toledo resident fell under a street car and the wheels passed over his wooden leg. The injury is believed to be serious on account of the advanced price of lumber.

This is the time of year when you've got to listen to the pest that wants to tell you about the good time that he had the last winter that he passed in California or Florida.

A Denver man fell down the court house steps on the way to his wedding and went ahead and got married. The couple has to fall on some fellows.

The National Woman's party, in its campaign for suffrage the past six years, spent more than a half million dollars. Think of the bargain hunting that could have been done with that sum.

Senator James Hamilton Lewis predicts great business revival is nearing for America. That's optimism, anyway, and it sounds better than the gloom stories we get from other sources. It doesn't cost anything to hope, anyway.

Another Cleanup.

Announcement is made at the office of the state's attorney that Rock Island owners who have been renting property to persons engaged in commercialized vice have been served notice to quit the undesirable tenants or suffer the closing of their premises under injunction process for a period of one year. This penalty is provided by a state law.

It is said that there have been at least a dozen houses of ill repute openly operating in Rock Island and that most of the women housed in these places have drifted from other cities where the public traffic has been suppressed. In all of the Rock Island resorts it is stated liquor was obtainable seven days in the week and at any hour of the day or night.

There has been nothing secret about the location or character of these dives, yet owners of the property occupied by the offenders are making the plea that they were not aware of the purposes for which their holdings were being used. The state's attorney's office very considerably withheld the names of the owners, explaining that to give them out for public

consumption would be to give them out for public consumption.

There have been previous campaigns in the city of Rock Island against immoral conditions, but they have been of a temporary nature. The Argus hopes that the authorities will prosecute the present campaign to a finish that all good citizens desire to see.

The state's attorney's office, it is claimed, has ordered the houses of ill repute to cease operations, and it is stated that they have done so. Now it remains for the owners of the property to cause the removal of the establishments.

The public has a right to expect, in the event that the premises are not free of their present undesirable occupants, that the state's attorney's office will act in accordance with the law and begin injunction proceedings against the owners.

Council Attitude Wrong.

The Argus believes the Davenport city council has adopted an unfair and unwise course in refusing permission to the Tri-City Railway company, for the purpose of reducing operating expenses, to enforce certain alterations in its schedules. The company had petitioned the council to be permitted to discontinue the Fourth street line, a branch taken over from another company; to turn the Bridge line cars at Scott street instead of continuing down to Warren street and to place owl cars on an hour instead of half hour schedule. The company presented figures to show that these changes, which would result in inconvenience to patrons, would result in a net saving to the corporation, which claims that if it is to continue doing business at present rates of fare it will have to curtail in some direction.

The company long has protested against operation of the Fourth street branch and in sending its Bridge line cars west of Scott street, but has been obliged, in order to satisfy the whims of some of the people of Davenport, to continue these nonessential accommodations, meeting monthly losses as a consequence. As for half-hour owl service after midnight, possibly the company could have before now reduced these schedules without arousing much opposition. There appears to have arisen in Davenport a determination to oppose every move of the street railway company for relief.

The Argus has never hesitated to take issue with the street railway company when it believed that it was seeking retrenchments that would impair the service as a whole, but, too, this paper has always taken the position that where the corporation has come forward with an honest proposition and could show justification for contemplated changes, the public should be willing to give its assent.

It is possible the company could make schedule alterations in Rock Island that would cut its expense account, and if the public is not to be seriously inconvenienced as a result the corporation should be afforded the relief sought. What the Argus does not want to see the company do is to diminish the quality of its service, and to that end steadfastly has opposed introduction of the one-man or bobtail car. The Argus insists that the company maintain its service standards, this applying both as to equipment and manning of cars.

The Tri-City Railway company unquestionably is facing a crisis in its existence. It has informed the Davenport council that it would be willing to abandon the one-man car plan if the curtailments mentioned were allowed. The Argus takes this to be a fair proposal. The Davenport council by its arbitrary attitude, has forced the company to do the next thing, and that is to carry its fight into the courts, where in all likelihood it will be given the relief that it is seeking.

The people of Rock Island, and the people of Davenport should be equally generous, are ready to meet the railway company half way. Rock Island has always been proud of its transportation system, and does not want to see it put back to village status. Applying the pruning knife here and there, as is done occasionally in all lines of business, will not be greatly noticed, just so the company keeps standard cars in operation and with men on both ends in charge of them.

The Argus believes in totting square with all public utility corporations just so long as those corporations tote fairly with the company. The Argus does not consider that the street railway company was unreasonable in its recent request of the Davenport city council.

These little make-up tricks are open to the public. The trick is that there are no make-up tricks in Rock Island that have been open to the public for years. The make-up tricks are generally known to the public.

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HERE LIES MAMM'S ANCIENT ENEMY, WHO DISINTERS THE UNLOVED CUES.

BRAWLING OUT THE MUSE.

Come, inspiration! Sit upon this shoulder; Beat this sluggish brain with thoughts divine.

That may delight the soul of each beholder Who passes here to read the printed line. Or sing for them some entertaining ballad Like Omar used to sing beneath HIS bough.

Today my eyes are dull my features pallid—I've hung a "Vacant" sign upon my brow.

Come, carry them aloft till they grow dim; From looking down on tall Parnassus' height; Impart a thrill to them—come on, get busy! D'you suppose I want to wait all night?

Sing 'em a song to set their limbs a-itching. Play 'em a tune till they are mad to dance. Twang the old lyre till all their feet are itching.

What's that you say? What's that? You say "no chance?"

You will not sing so much as one small ditty? A limerick, a couplet or quatrain? Good heavens! haven't you a bit of pity?

Do you delight in giving me a pain? Believe me, kid, you make an awful blunder. I'll find a punishment to fit your crime: You can, for all of me, go straight to thunder—For this completes my daily yard of rhyme!

"EVERY person," writes Don Marquis, "who writes is talking about himself all the time, directly or indirectly, deliberately or unconsciously, whether he will or no, and to do it frankly is not really any more honest than to do it by indirection." [We were about to stop here but Don is an interesting case. Let's go a bit further.] "If you are going to start out as a humorist or philosopher, talk about yourself. You will know almost at once whether you are going to be permitted to go on talking about yourself or not. If the self you talk about is acceptable, the stuff you write will be acceptable. If not, another record will be put upon the phonograph and your ego will be sent back to the factory to be worked over."

AND there you are. A man may be as great as his thoughts and if his thoughts be properly arranged in print the reading public may find them acceptable—no matter what the subject. Talking about oneself is the greatest international indoor sport. Only not all of us have a colyum.

BUT every man ought to have a colyum of some sort. It's a pleasant diversion (especially if one makes oneself the subject) and besides, it is an excellent safety valve. If every man assembled his thoughts into a colyum each night before going home there would be no arrests for wife-beating. (He wouldn't have energy enough for that.)

How, indeed! For What Is More Terrible Than an Unjust Assault? (From Vox Pop, Chicago Tribune). We tolerated the rule of Mr. Venizelos up to the present time until he gave a chance to the Greek people to express their opinions. How could the Greek people elect again Mr. Venizelos with the terrible and unjust atrocities he performed?

"WONDER OVER WHEREABOUTS—Curious Movements Made Following Death of Jake L. Hamon."—Galesburg Republican-Register. Perhaps Jake isn't quite dead.

Well, What Could Be Sweeter! (From The Argus). WIDOWER OF ROCK ISLAND, AGE 39, steadily employed, would like acquaintance of a serious lady. Address "No. 12," care Argus.

WIDOW (AGE 40) WANTS TO MEET serious man about same age. Address "40," care Argus.

AMBROSE J. SMALL, Toronto millionaire, who disappeared a year ago, is taken to him from the Davenport Democrat, a "theatrical magnet." Why not send a steely-eyed detachment to search for him?

Timely Tip, Added by the Makeup Man. (From The Argus). Will incompatibility of politics now be included among grounds for divorce? Be sure your label reads right.

"FIRE, SET BY BOMB, BURNS CORK STORES."—Detroit News.

Foul blow at the blackface comedians. R. E. M'G.

Heart of Home Problems

MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a boy 12 years of age and very much in love with a girl about 16, but she does not seem to care for my company.

How can I make her care for me?
BLUE EYES.

The girl is the young for your company. Wait a year or two and you may see a change in her attitude toward you.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl 16 years old. When I was 14 I met a fellow and he told me he felt in love with me at first sight. When I was 15 he asked me to go with him, but I never went. I did not have time to go, as I had to take care of my younger brothers. My mother is dead and has been dead for five years. I have had to do all the housework and mending. I told him so.

He always called me up on the phone every Saturday evening. One day I wrote a note to him, a nice friendly letter, and called him up to see if he would mind coming to my house. He came on Sunday evening and told me he received the note and said he would keep it for friendship. He told me he loved me. One time I met him at a dance and he asked me for a dance. I refused to dance with him. I am sorry I did refuse, for now when I meet him on the street he only recognizes me and smiles. He does not even speak to me or ever call me up. Do you think I forgot him? I truly love him. I try to forget him but I cannot. Please tell me what to do.

BROKEN-HEARTED H. K.
After making a mistake there is little that can be done except to try not to make the same mistake again. When you meet the young man on the street, speak pleasantly, and he may come back of his own accord. Try not to think about him, because you only make yourself unhappy. You are too young to think of a husband. You are too young to be married. You are too young to be a mother. You are too young to be a wife. You are too young to be a woman.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a married woman and have one boy eight years old. A short time ago I went to rent a house. Because I had a child I was refused.

The lady said she would have no children in her house. Don't you think that is a pity for children to be born nowadays. I think we all were children once and lived in a house. Now they want so much rent that a laboring man cannot afford to pay.

A MOTHER AND RENTER.
It is true that renting conditions have been frightful, but in most cities there has been a slight change in times. The house owners are beginning to see that they have gouged the people as long as they can. War always means living conditions, and after war a rent increase has to be made.

About the most discouraging feature of the house problem was the refusal to rent to people with children.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a young married woman and have been married two years. I was 17 and my husband was 19 when we were married. We lived happily until three months ago and then he left me without any cause.

I went to the city and got a position. He was gone about two months and then I received a letter from him and he said he still loved me and asked if I would forgive him and take him back.

I still loved him and could not understand his motive unless he was influenced to leave me. I forgave him and he came back. We have lived happily ever since. I know he still loves me, because he does everything to make me happy.

Do you think I did right? Do you think he will ever leave me again?
BROWN EYES.

Yes, I think you did the right thing in taking your husband back. Whether or not he will leave you again, I cannot say. It is probable, however, that he learned his lesson and will not go another time. Do not think or talk about his going, and trust that he will not leave you again.

THE UNFINISHED TASK
BY DR. JAMES I. VANCE.
(Founder of Inter-Church World Movement and Chairman Federal Council of Churches of America.)

In a great factory each does some small part and passes it on, until finally, as the result of the skill and workmanship of a great multitude, the finished product emerges and is ready for the market.

It is the same way in life. Who finishes the task? A man does his work, but his work is only an insignificant part in the making of the world product. We say that a man is immortal until his work is done; but because his work is done, let us not conclude that the thing on which he worked is finished.

It is the unfinished task that falls from his hands to be taken up and carried on by those who come after him, who in their turn do their part, and then pass the unfinished task on to their successors.

Thus it has been since the world began, and thus it will be until work is ended.

This does not mean that the work of the individual is of little value. It means that it is of tremendous value. If he finished the task and himself turned out the completed product, he might afford

to do shoddy work, for his failure would not involve the work of his fellow-craftsmen. But since the chain is not stronger than its weakest link, he must be everlastingly striving to beat his best. He must do his work as though everything were depending on him; for it is.

As the unfinished task comes under his hand to receive his contribution and pass on to the next workman, it is the speaking to him not only of itself, but of the myriad laborers who are to invest themselves in its construction. It is saying: "You must do your work not only so as to commend yourself, but so as not to shame the long line of toilers standing behind you and the longer line stretching ahead."

Thus a chair is made, and thus a civilization. Thus men build motor cars and thus they build governments. Thus they carry on agriculture and mining, and in the same way do they promote education and religion.

The unfinished task preaches continuously of the solidarity of the race, and pleads ceaselessly that we remember we are our brother's keeper; for "none of us liveth to himself, no man dieth to himself."

Q. If a man nominated for the presidency died on Nov. 1, how would a successor be named? He died after election, but before the 4th of March? R. M. A.

A. Republican headquarters says that in event a presidential nominee should die before election day, the national committee of his party would appoint a nominee in his place. If the popular vote had been taken before his demise, the president-elect would be declared president and the usual succession to the vacancy follow.

Q. What is the usual turn out of flour from wheat? C. F. S.

A. In modern milling about 70 per cent of the wheat is recovered as standard patent flour, about 1 per cent as low-grade flour, about 3 per cent as Red Dog flour, and the remainder as shorts or bran.

Q. How many gallons of kerosene would have to be burned in heating a house in order to obtain the same amount of heat generated by one ton of anthracite coal? L. E. T.

A. The Bureau of mines states that from 150 to 175 gallons of kerosene would have to be burned in heating a house in order to obtain the same amount of heat that would be obtained by burning one ton of chestnut-size anthracite coal.

Q. What is meant by raw bone?
M. E. H.

A. Raw bone includes any bone per cent, and salt, 5 per cent.

Frederic Haskin's Letter

Golden Gate Park.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 29.—The special darting of San Francisco Golden Gate park, in San Francisco, enjoys not only the voraciousness of the world's fame, but the world's fame as well. Many Europeans and Asiatics who have never heard of the California redwoods or the Yosemite valley know all about this park, and hurry out to see it as soon as they arrive in San Francisco.

For Golden Gate park, with all its "natural" beauty—the lakes and hills and wooded islands—is a made park, created entirely by the park commissioners of San Francisco since 1870. Before that date, the space now containing the park was a mere expanse of sand dunes stretching desolately down to the Pacific ocean. Certainly not an encouraging prospect for a park, but the city had its own reasons for looking it there. For one thing the property then was not as valuable as it is in other sections of the city, and the adjustment of land titles, it was thought, would be an easy matter. As it happened, many greedy land owners attempted to interfere with the enterprise, but the city finally bought 1,013 acres of the dunes at the price of \$800,000.

Once in possession of the tract, the park commissioners immediately started their comprehensive scheme for improving it. It was a courageous park commission, hampered like most such institutions by lack of funds, every step of its work was rendered difficult. The necessary supplies of loam and fertilizing material were obtained only after much agitation, and then an independent water supply had to be sought for. While the San Franciscans of today insist that they always knew the park would turn out to be the handsomest thing that it is, and that they were enthusiastic about it from the very beginning, the park records show that popular interest in those early days was very slim. Perhaps this was only natural, since what the landscape artist saw in his mind's eye was by no means visible to the ordinary citizen.

Conquering the Dunes.
According to Superintendent John McLaren, who lives in the park, and has been engaged in developing it for many years, the sand dunes, in the beginning, stubbornly resisted reclamation. Lupin and barley were planted, but these would not hold the sand. Grass seed was then imported from France, which proved its efficiency at once. The sea-bent grass, which flourishes so extensively along the European coast, was also used with gratifying success. This grass requires little moisture and no manure, but it is a wonderful catcher and holder of the sand. With its aid the drifting sands were held in check until the Monterey cypress and other branches of the pine family were able to lend their assistance in holding down the land. In due time the meadows were sown with Kentucky blue grass, and on the hillside madrone, manzanita, laurel and other native trees took hold.

Today there is little evidence of this early struggle. Shrubs, hedges and trees have been planted with such cleverness that nature herself must sometimes be deceived into thinking that she put them there. Palm and pepper trees do not dominate the scene, as they do in southern California. The eucalyptus tree, that queer, independent giant, which grows by leaps and bounds and sheds its leaves whenever it feels like it, instead of waiting for a definite season—is, of course, much in evidence, but so are huge-leaved sycamores and poplars and silver maples.

Stretching in an irregular line across the park from northeast to southwest, is a chain of lakes, which are marvelously to the charm of the landscape. So gently molded are the shore curves, so irregular the inlets and so thickly wooded the islands in some of the lakes, that no one would dream they had been first designed on paper and brought into being by landscape engineers.

"Work on the largest lake," explained Mr. McLaren in discussing the lake chain, "required the excavation and removal of 35,000 cubic yards of material, and the deposit of the earth and sand in mounds and ridges 300 feet from the water line."

Along the margin of this lake there is a wide, smooth and extremely popular driveway. A special Lovers' Lane has been provided in the park, but the lovers, with their usual talent for finding soulful scenery, prefer this driveway instead. In the evening it is crowded with silent, motionless cars, apparently hypnotized by the view. Well, the light on the water is inspiring, and the seven little islands floating on the surface of the lake, bearing tall birches and pine trees, with an undergrowth of rhododendron, fern and alders, create an enchanting atmosphere.

Reveries of Rich Men.
Golden Gate park has long been the special darling of San Francisco philanthropists. Because it is so beautiful, perhaps, every millionaire of any consequence would like to have his name emblazoned there. The great center of popular interest, for instance, is the Temple of Music in Concert Valley, which was given to the park by the late Clara Spreckles, known as the sugar king. It is in the Italian renaissance style, the chief material used being Colusa sandstone, an agreeable light color and of great hardness. The central structure has a frontage of 55 feet, is 10 feet high and is flanked on each side by Corinthian columns. It is a large, semi-circular auditorium, with a capacity of 100 musicians. Extending from the Corinthian columns on each side are colonnades 52 feet high and 11 feet wide, each colonnade being supported by 16 Ionic columns.

In front of this temple thousands of people sit on Sundays and holidays to listen to band concerts. The seats are arranged in rows under a heavy canopy of foliage of sycamore trees, whose branches have been clipped in the shape of wide umbrellas.

The dedication of the temple to the city was the occasion of a seething torrent of eloquence on the part of the accepting public. Public speakers struggled for adjectives that would do proper justice to the gift.

"He who gave this structure to the people has built for himself an enduring monument," began one address—and ended: "From the temple of Nippon and Nineveh, from Egyptian pyramids, from every carved image and monumental pile the world over, from shrines and where the light of royalty has shined in palaces and set in sarcophagi and cenotaphs; from the grave of Adam to the latest monument, all add their testimony to the irresistible desire of man to live though he be dead."

The Park Museum.
Not far from the Temple of Music in the park is the Golden Gate museum—the gift of H. de Young of the San Francisco Chronicle. This building, which was the Fine Arts building of the midwinter fair in 1894, was bought by Mr. de Young, filled by him with a number of valuable specimens and placed in the trust of the board of park commissioners. (When the reporter visited the park the other day the museum was in the process of a much-needed enlargement, and exhibits were being moved from one room to another, some concealed by new, freshly-painted partitions, so that it was impossible to do them full justice.) The oriental collection, however, which was quite complete, remained where it was, appearing to be astonishingly fine.

Not all of the philanthropic building-enduring monuments in the park have chosen masonry as their material. One of them is represented by a waterfall, known as Huntington falls. This was given by Collis P. Huntington, but Park Commissioner W. W. Stow also deserves credit, for it was his idea to build a cascade from Strawberry hill to one of the park lakes, and it was he who persuaded Mr. Huntington to provide the necessary \$25,000.

The children's playground in the park, which has everything ever invented in the way of childish recreation—swings, merry-go-rounds, Maypoles, donkey rides, goat carts, slides and candy stores—is also the unique gift of a San Francisco philanthropist, William Sharon, who left \$50,000 to the park in his will. It was not until 1887, Mr. Sharon did not stipulate how the amount was to be used and at first the trustees of the fund were inclined to insist upon a massive arch or gateway, but they allowed themselves to be persuaded by the park commissioners into a memorial playground for little people.

One of the newest features of Golden Gate park is that it is so modernly practical as well as beautiful. It is a real playground for the people. It has a zoological collection of tremendous interest, including buffalo and antelope paddocks and a very fine and footsore, from which wild animal life, there are pure and tea to be had in a quiet little Japanese garden. Then there is the joy and pride of all San Franciscans—the park stadium, famous in park circles all over the world. It is a huge oval, embracing 30 acres and containing a running track, a jumping track, a basketball court and six football fields and a grandstand with seats for 100,000 onlookers.

And, basking at the shores of the park and providing it with an ever-changing background—the only thing in the park that the park commissioners have not been able to improve.

Household Hints

Sour Milk Pancakes.—One pint of sour milk (buttermilk is better), three all-purpose flours, one egg, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon sugar, one teaspoon saleratus dissolved in milk, one teaspoon baking powder, one and one-half cups flour.

Stir well. This makes enough for two people.

Canning and Preserving.
Grape Conserve.—Take eight pounds of grapes, four pounds of sugar, three oranges (using both rind and pulp), one pound of seedless raisins.

Pulp the grapes and take out all seeds. Put grape hulls and pulp, oranges and raisins together and cook 15 minutes. Add sugar and cook 30 minutes.

Peach Sauce.—Take one pint of cider vinegar, six pounds of sugar. Put on to boil, stirring constantly until dissolved, or it will burn.

Wash one peck of peaches and drop whole, without peeling, into the syrup. The vinegar eats the skin and the stones can be lifted out, as they boil away and can be pulp. Cook until thick and can.

Grapes.—Separate skins from the pulp, cook pulp in a little water, press through a sieve to remove seeds, add skins to pulp and one-quarter as much sugar. Cook ten minutes.

Beans.—To be put away for winter use, should be put in something blue, either blue put or blue material. They will not turn yellow.

Beans.—Beans baked with sausage and savory and excellent.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A PRESENT FOR ELISE.
By Carl F. Brentnall, 166 Francis Avenue, Pittsfield.
(Copyright, 1930, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

When I came home that evening Jane was curled up in a corner of the davenport looking pensive.

There is something wonderfully adorable about Jane when she looks pensive. It is true, of course, that she is adorable also when she is merry, or even; as sometimes happens, when she pouts. Some people are obtuse enough to attribute my appreciation of Jane's adorableness to the newness of my position as Jane's husband, but any reasonable person will admit the utter absurdity of that. I stood in rapt admiration, reluctant to interrupt the pretty scene with speech, and it was Jane herself who broke the silence.

"I was wondering," she said, "about a birthday present for Elise. Let me remark, is Jane's best friend."

Jane went on to explain the difficulty of giving a present to Elise. In the first place, Elise is everything. In the second, she is very artistic, and one hates to give her anything that may possibly jar upon her artistic sensibilities. In the third place, she is deeply devoted to one thing, and she thinks anybody who gives her anything but that is a fool.

"It's a little way off, but I think I shall start looking tomorrow," said Jane.

So being prepared for the difficulties of the undertaking, I was pleasantly surprised on arriving home the next evening to see Jane triumphantly point to a paper-covered package.

"So soon?" I asked, delighted at discovering still another perfection in my Jane. She was not one of those indecisive women who shop endlessly.

"Yes, and just what I wanted." And unwrapping the parcel, Jane disclosed a beautiful bronze combination ash-tray and cigar-holder.

I understood at once, of course, that Elise was one of those energetic young ladies who pride themselves on keeping abreast of the times. The times evidently demanded that up-to-date young ladies smoke. My Jane, while not possessing this accomplishment herself, was magnanimous enough to admire it in others.

"It is very pretty," said Elise. "Jane will be very much pleased."

Jane laughed. "That's not for Elise, you goose," she cried. "That's for you! I didn't find anything for Elise yet. I just happened to run across this when I was hunting for her present, and I knew it was just what you needed."

The next night when I came home, Jane, smiling radiantly, showed me a wonderful new device of combination soapcan and toaster. Mentally I apologized to Elise. I had always looked upon her as a frivolous battery of fashion. But underneath all that gay froth there were evidently sterling housewifely qualities after all.

"It's very nice," I said, "and very useful. I'm sure Elise will be pleased."

"But that isn't for Elise," Jane twinkled. "That's for me! I discovered it when I was looking for Elise's present. It's just ideal for what I want."